

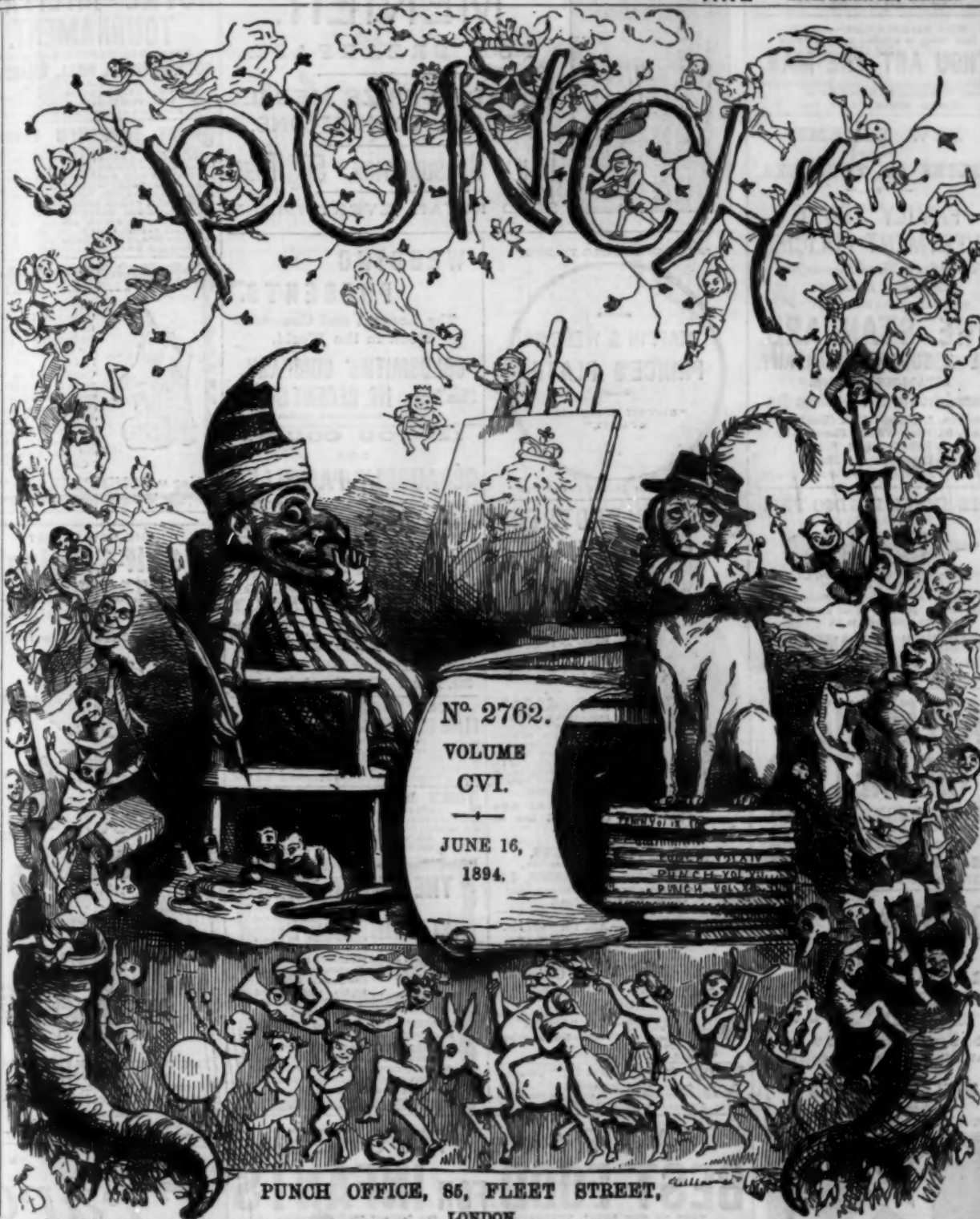
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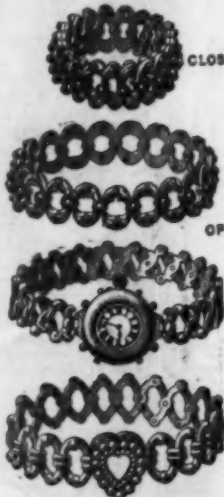
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MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

No. VI.—FROM THE HON. VICTOR MAYDEW TO HIS BROTHER, CAPTAIN THE HON. HAROLD MAYDEW, 24TH LANCERS, NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB, LONDON.

MY DEAR HAROLD, *Hotel Meurice, Paris, Jan. 6, 189—.*

I needn't tell you how sorry I am to hear of all your troubles. At the same time, I'm sincerely glad you wrote to me. Of course I will help you. I have written to JACQUES AND NEWBOLD to arrange everything for you up to £1500. If you will pay them a visit at their office in Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C., and give them all the necessary information as to names, amounts, &c., you'll find they'll settle the whole business for you ever so much more quickly and cheaply than you could do it personally. Your debts "of honour" you will, I presume, like to settle yourself. I don't speak of those, but of the cigar gentlemen, the "bookies," and the Hebrew with the plural name of ABRAHAM. Don't you try to deal with him. Leave that job to Mr. JACQUES, who knows a trick or two of fence, and can pink even so clever a swordman with the most perfect neatness, propriety, and despatch. And, after all, ABRAHAM is a "difficulty," for all his hair-oily affectation of *bonhomie*, and pretence at reckless, spendthrift, dashing habits. When I see him driving about in his smart Victoria, drawn by two spank-ing bays,—well, no matter,—I am content to be afoot, and need I say, that had I the honour of his personal acquaintance, I should salute him far more respectfully than do my Lord This and Sir Something That, who are so deeply indebted to him.

You'll find old JACQUES a first-class man. He's just as clever as a man can well be. He'll see through you, and sum you up, and jot down your little total on his mental tablets before you've been with him two minutes; and with all his cleverness he is simply one of the kindest and best men in the world. Books are his chief delight—books, and the society of his friends. If you want to know what laughter means, wait till you hear him tell a story. There's no effort about it. It begins quite quietly, and suddenly fixes your attention by a quaint inversion or a bright flash of the unexpected. Then, when he has got his hearers with him, away he goes, dragging them after him in the wildest gallops of a humorous fancy, until, with a masterstroke of memory (or invention), he plunges you, *couse*, head-over-ears into helpless laughter. When you've seen him, *tu m'en diras des nouvelles*.

My dear old HAROLD, when I started this letter, I meant to preach to you one of the very finest and most paternal sermons ever delivered, but the heads of the discourse seem to have escaped me. Still I can't let you off altogether. Hang it, man, you're no longer a mere boy. If the family Bible tells the truth, you've begun your twenty-ninth year, and if various public documents are to be believed you have already taken and given some hard knocks on behalf of your country in various African and Asiatic battlefields. Is a man like you, two fine, full-blooded, hearty, straight-forward unaffected yards of humanity, with a good position and a brilliant record to his name, is such a man to be for ever the boon companion of gamblers and fools, a mere mass of squeezable material ready for the money-lender's grasping fingers? My dear boy, if you were to be asked that question about anyone else you'd laugh in derision of the mere idea. You can laugh now, if you like, when I ask you the question about yourself—but when you have done laughing just pull yourself together and reflect. Heaven knows we're none of us perfect, not even the most middle-aged of us, but after all there are some follies that simply jump to the eyes and declare themselves as perfect follies, made *ad unguem*, as our old Head Master used to say. For a man like you to waste himself is one of

these smooth and completed follies. Besides, think of it, we haven't got by any means too many promising soldiers to be the Marlboroughs and the Wellingtons of the future. You are cut out by Nature to be a great soldier, a leader of men, to give a new and brilliant distinction to our name. Don't check yourself almost at the very start.

There, that's enough of preaching. Off goes the surplice, never, I hope, to be donned again before the same fraternal congregation of one. I shall be back in London in a week's time, and we will then have a great talk, and settle all that is outstanding in our own affairs and in those of the universe.

I have had a delightful time here. The weather has been bright, and positively warm, and I have gone my usual round of theatres and restaurants. PAUL DE CHAUMONT is here, and has done the honours of his beautiful city like the prince he is. There is something in Paris, in its broad and airy streets, in the brightness of its shop-windows, and, above all, in the cheerful and unaffected gaiety and good-humour of the people, rich and poor, which always acts on me like the sound of running water on a hot day—gives me a sense of refreshment and repose. These people don't hate us, whatever the blusterers on both sides may say or do. Who can be angry with them if they now and then resent our burly, over-fed, beef-and-beer assumption of an incontestable superiority? Don't we pay them back by our allusions to tiger-monkeys, and an immoral society and literature? For myself, I can assure you that I never meet anywhere else with such simple courtesy and good-will from all as I do here. To be an Englishman seems to be a passport to their hospitality and friendship.

By the way, at the Palais Royal last night I saw Mr. and Mrs. VENABLES, both purple with laughter at one of the riskiest situations ever put upon the French stage. What pinks of solemn propriety are the VENABLES pair in London, how perfectly British, how outwardly respectable, how decorously dull are all their habits and their belongings. Only a fortnight ago VENABLES was made president of some league or other for elevating the moral standard of the lower classes. How furiously

he inveighed on that occasion against "the licence which, like a cankerworm, has eaten its way into the heart of the French nation, has blasted their drama, destroyed their literature, and shaken the foundations of their social edifice." The metaphors were mixed, but they were received with tremendous applause by his fellow-leaguers. And now behold VENABLES paying his money like any Frenchman to see a Palais Royal farce, and laughing till I thought his white tie would be shaken off his collar. Well, well!

Farewell, my dear boy! Keep your pecker up!

Ever your affectionate brother, VICTOR.



"Purple with Laughter."

MRS. R. ON THE OXFORD TROUBLE.—Mrs. R. on the Ch. Ch. disturbances is inclined to side with the College Dons in their recent treatment of the undergraduates accused of being riotous. "Of course," says our old friend, "I don't quite understand these matters, but when I hear of a set of young men, members of some Bullying Club, which name is enough to condemn them, getting together and painting, perhaps tarring and feathering too, a helpless fellow-student of the name of TOM QUAD, then I must say it seems to me time for the authorities to interfere. On the other hand, I must say that I think the custom, still permitted, of hunting undergraduates with trained bull-dogs seems to me to be a relic of barbarous times that ought to be discontinued."

MAXIMUMS AND MINIMUMS.—The Armour-plated-Bullet-proof Cuirass is resulting in "a pretty How-de-Dowe"! Some people are making queer-asses of themselves over the matter.



"AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE."

(A highly improbable Anticipation.) Lord R-s-b-ry (off "the Primrose path," sings to a serious air)—

"I WAS ONCE 'NOT ASHAMED TO OWN A GOOD HORSE,'
"TWAS LADAS! HE WON ON THE DERRY COURSE!"

BUT NOW I'M CONVERTED, AND SEE THE SENSE
OF 'THE NON-CON-FOR-MIST CON-SCI-ENCE!'"



UPPISH!

Stable-Lad (on Outsider showing temper at the Post). "DID NEVER HANYBODY SEE THE LIKES O' SICH CONDUCT? WHERE'S YER MODESTY! WHY, ONE 'OULD THINK YEE WAS THE BLOOMIN' FAIVRIT!"

A TALE FOR THE CABMEN.

(A Story to be Read at a Shelter Gathering.)

THERE was once a driver who had a cab and horse. And he used to take them out, and was very civil, and obtained many a fare. And he was pleased with the result. In those days omnibuses were costly, and the Metropolitan and District Railways were things of the future.

And, as the years passed, the cabman came to the conclusion that he would make more money by striking. So he left his cab in the yard, and put his horse in the stable. Then he looked at the Public.

"The Public will find it an awful nuisance," he observed; "and soon will be brought to their senses."

But the Public seemed disinclined to become rational. On the contrary, they expressed satisfaction that there should be so much less traffic in the streets, and rejoiced exceedingly.

Then the cabman, noticing that the Metropolitan and District Railways had become cheaper, raised his fares.

"That will bring the Public to their senses," he exclaimed.

"When they find that they cannot have my cab without paying more money there will be quite a competition to enter its doors."

But again the cabman was out in his reckoning. The Public refused to patronise cabs because these vehicles were dearer and underground railways cheaper.

"Ah, I know what I will do now," observed the cabman, when the omnibuses and tram-cars also lowered their fares; "I will raise my rate per mile even higher."

But once again the Public failed to see the necessity of the cabman's action. Then the driver of the horse in the cab became very melancholy, and asked an old friend for advice.

"Why, learn that demand commands supply, and that the more you try to charge the less you will surely get. Do not forget that two and two make four, and that anyone who says they are either three or five is a very faulty counsellor."

And the cabman (very properly) thanked Mr. Punch for his excellent advice, and attempted to follow it.

AT THE HAYMARKET.

(By an Ambitious Rhymester.)

AH! could I write in triolets
I'd hymn a Bunch of Violets.
Say shall I try? Yes! try! O let's!

In praise of Mistress TREE! O let's
Play sweetly on the viol! let's
Sing * * (here dry up my triolets!)

QUEER QUERIES.

THE SILVER STREAK.—What is this ridiculous plan of a bridge across the Straits of Dover? Could anything be more absurd—unless it were the other schemes of a tunnel, a steam ferry, or a tubular railway? I am glad to see that the Prince of MONACO knocks the bridge idea into a cocked hat in this month's *Fortnightly*. He shows that an ironclad colliding with the bridge would break the bank, so to speak; and of course anybody on the bridge at the time would come a croupier,—a cropper, I mean. No; the only really practical scheme is one I have patented. What is the objection to the tunnel? That it goes underground. What to a ferry? That it goes on the water. Well, then, the only element left is the air, and my plan is to use that. All you have to do is to moor a sufficient number of captive balloons to buoys, connect the balloons with pulleys, and then you just step from one to another till you get across. What could be simpler? Now, will some millionaire kindly supply me with capital to carry out this design?—BALLOONATIC.

ACCOUNTING FOR IT.—A note in the *P. M. G.* last Friday informed us that "The Parisians pay only one shilling and eleven pence per head for their water, compared with four shillings and fourpence per head which we pay in London." Certainly, the water here is high-priced, but in Paris it is and must always be *l'eau*.

MUTUAL CONFIDENCES.

[In a recent case it was discovered that the Secretary of the A. Co. and the Managing Director of the B. Co., to whom he wrote to confirm a verbal arrangement, were one and the same person.]

From the Prime Minister to the Owner of "Ladas."

MY DEAR PR-MR-SE,—A day or two ago when I saw you I promised to write you in any event after June 6. I'm delighted to think that I can now congratulate you with all my heart on winning the Derby, on what will, of course, be known henceforth as Primrose Day. I read somewhere or other that you were up at six in the morning to see your horse—indeed a "good" one—have its morning gallop. I need hardly tell you that the cares of State would not permit of my doing that, but I own that I managed to slip away in the afternoon to go down to Epsom. It was, indeed, a day of days. Shall

I confess that I caught some of the excitement of the moment, and that I watched, almost breathless, the struggle between *Ladas* and *Matchbox*? When I saw that you had won, I declare to you that I was as pleased as if I had won myself. Can I say more?

Yours devotedly, R-S-B-EY.

P.S.—I assume you will run *Ladas* for the "Jubilee Stakes"?

From the Owner of "Ladas" to the Prime Minister.

MY DEAR R-S-B-EY,—Your letter of congratulation was as welcome as it was unexpected. It was, indeed, kind of you, even for such a lifelong friend as myself, to find time, amidst all your worries, to come to see what did not, I am sure, interest you, except for the fact that a horse of mine was running. Yes, I am very proud of *Ladas*—a classical name, that secured a classic race. By the way, if he's of any use to you politically, pray command me. What about riding back to power again on his back? After all, you might come back in many a worse fashion. *Ladas*, at all events, has broken no pledges, and knows how to run straight. Treat him, my dear R-S-B-EY, as if he were your own horse. I would do this for no one else; but you have such special claims on the favour of

Yours always, PR-MR-SE.

P.S.—Have you heard the new proverb? "The Nonconformist Conscience doth make cowards of us all." This may seem irrelevant, but I think you'll see the connection.

A YACHT RACE.

(By a Landsman.)

I EXPECT down at Gravesend the rain will begin, and we shall be drenched. Absurd thing to go out on a beastly, chilly, draughty steamer in June! Much better sit by the fire at home. Well, here we are. Let's hurry on board, and get somewhere in shelter. Why, there's the sun coming out! It's almost warm. We'll sit here out of the crowd, and imagine it's summer-time. What's that you say? Go over there, and stand in that mass of people? What for? Oh, to see the start. All right, if you want. This is a squash. What are they all staring at? Where's the starting-place? Why do we keep on going round and round, and why do the yachts keep on going round and round? What's a "topale"? I never can understand this sort of thing. You say you don't like the shape of those boughs. What boughs? I can't see a tree anywhere. Don't you try to gammon me. You yachting chaps always think a fellow who doesn't understand all about it is simply an idiot. But I see through your little game.

Hullo! That absurd pop-gun made me jump. So they're off. Why is everyone rushing downstairs? Lunch, eh? Excellent idea. This fresh air does give one an appetite. What's the matter now? Want to go upstairs again? Why, we've only just come down! You go, and I'll follow when I've finished. Oh, here you are! What's up now? "*Britannia's* leading" you say. Where's *Britannia*? Sounds like a circus procession. Only there she's last. Don't you try to gammon me with your patriotic, poetic rot. Oh, you mean a boat! It's leading, is she—I mean, she's leading, is it? Come and fetch me if anything happens. I'll have a smoke. There's a jolly comfortable seat over there. Hullo, here you are again! A mouse? Where is it. Out in the water? None of your chaff! Mice don't swim miles away—Eh? Oh, I see! It's the name of that lumpy sort of red boat over there. Of course. Very interesting. I say! How many mice are there, or mouses, or what-



ever you call them? We've passed several, first one side, then the other. It's the same one, eh? "Tacking" you call it? I never could understand these things. I'm going downstairs to get a whisky and soda. Still staring through that glass of yours? Exciting race is it? Of course. I can just see something white over there. Five o'clock. Good idea. Afternoon tea. This fresh air does give one an appetite. Waiter, bring some more cake. What's he say? "Do you mean it, Sir?" Of course I do. Ha, ha! Facetious waiter. Give him an extra tip for his respectful chaff. Why, here we are back at Gravesend! There it comes. Which is it—she, I mean? Still *Britannia*. Oh well, she's won, anyhow. What's that you say? "Can't tell yet." Why, man alive, isn't she first? Do you mean to say that little bit of a boat miles behind there can beat her now? Don't you try to gammon me. "Allowance," you say? Oh, of course I make some allowance for the little boat, and I think it's beastly hard on it—on her, I mean. But then she shouldn't try to race with a boat five times its size. Well, we've had a very jolly day, and I should have been perfectly happy if you hadn't fidgetted quite so much about those yachts. I never can understand the things. We're just back in time for dinner. The fresh air does give one an appetite. Good-bye!

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Tuesday.—"In consequence of many requests," said Sir DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS in his programme, "that Madame MELBA should appear in DONIZETTI'S *Lucia*"—why so she does, and here she is



delighting everyone, and encored in every scene. *Lucia* comes out as fresh as ever it did. Only get the right people in the right parts, and there's life in all the old Operas that have had a brilliant career. A comet appears, startles us with its brilliancy, then, having made its mark, it retires into space for a hundred years or so, and then reappears brighter than ever. Signor IGINTIO CORSI was an excellent *Arturo*—of course he would be—and Signor W. BEDUSCHI, as *Edgardo*, pleased a full and enthusiastic house. A light voice has BEDUSCHI, to be known henceforth as FEATHER-BED-USCHI. The season may be sorry, temperature treacherous, cab-strike contemptible, everybody anywhere and money nowhere, yet does the Opera attract, and anything like a bad house seems to be quite an exception to the rule. Merry MANCINELLI conducted, and chorus was conscientious and capital. So "I love my love with an 'L' because she's *Lucia*," and

I congratulate Sir D. O. with an M because of MELBA.

Wednesday—the Derby Night.—House must have lost on the race, as it looked rather poor. Audience unenthusiastic. Everybody present talking of *Ladas*. MELBA excellent, but couldn't struggle against general depression of Derby Night. PLANCON perfect as *Mephistopheles*; but general impression seemed to be that no one in the house, on the stage or off it, had backed the winner. Much applause, but no enthusiasm, and no encores "taken or offered"; probably losers on race among audience considerably felt for probable losers on stage, and thought they had no notes to spare. Hence no encores. BEVIGNANI bothered, but bold. Outside no cabs. Everyone expecting that, as Sir DRURIOLANUS had addressed a cab-drivers' meeting, there would be a plentiful supply of four-wheelers and Hansoms. But Hansoms doing the un-hansome thing, and not there to take ladies. Sir DRURIOLANUS, it was said, had at one time thought of putting Omnibus Box at disposition of *habitués*, but proposal negated by Operatic Committee.

Friday.—If striking cabmen not to be found outside Opera, very striking *Carmen* to be seen and heard within. Madame CALVÉ admirable as ever as the heroine, Monsieur ALBERS good as *Escamillo*, the Toréadored One, and Signor COSSIRA passable as *Don José*. BEVIGNANI brilliant, carefully conducting orderly orchestra.

Saturday.—*Rigoletto* with Madame MELBA "by special desire," to quote Sir DRURIOLANUS'S "no-charge" programme. And the combination was irresistible. House crowded in every part, no further room in the stalls, boxes with full complement of spectators. Madame MELBA in admirable voice. Calls after every fall of the curtain, accompanied with basket of choice flowers. This last, of course, intended for heroine of the evening. Received with becoming gratitude. Madame MELBA supported with excellent effect by Mlle. BAUKEMEISTER as *Giovanna*, and Mlle. GIULIA RAVOGLI as *Maddalena*. Wicked Duke by Signor DE LUCIA, and the double-lifted dwarf by Signor ANCONA, both first rate. In fact everything as it should be. Only drawback getting home without sufficiency of cabs. Cabby still out of sight—site of Covent Garden included.

À LA MODE DE 1830.

CHARMING Parisienne, you have selected
This funny fashion of dressing your hair;
Since with *l'an mille huit cent trente* it's connected
You are convinced that it makes you more fair.

Pretty ears *cachées*;
J'en suis très-fâché,

What a bad rhyme! But perhaps you won't care.



Charming Parisienne, now that your brother
Chokes in a necktie wound twice round his throat,
You have been doubtless impelled to this other
Mode of that date upon which you all doat.

Pretty ears *cachées*;
Vous avez tâché

Thus to bring back to us days so remote.

Charming Parisienne, surely a bonnet,
Coal-scuttle shaped, more consistent would be;
Hair dressed like yours should no doubt have upon it
Chapeau to hide you completely from me.

Pretty ears *cachées*;
Papier-maché

They might be made of for all we can see.

QUEER QUERIES.

FOWL-LAW.—I see that a Magistrate told a complainant the other day that there was "no remedy" for the nuisance of a crowing cock next door, and that the only course was to "appeal to the sense of propriety" of the owner. Is this good law? Would it not be better to appeal to his sense of property by shooting the disturber out of hand, or out of an air-gun? My own copy of BLACKSTONE is forty years old and has most of the pages missing, but I am sure I once read that for a cock to crow within five hundred yards of an inhabited house was a *tort ab initio*, and that one had a right to stop the crow in transitu. It's an interesting question. Perhaps the Lord Chanticleer—I mean the LORD CHANCELLOR—might reply.

BARRISTER (UNCALLED).

DUMB SPECTATORS.

SIR,—It is absurd to say that only dogs recognise likenesses. I have a tame lizard which is quite as extraordinary in that respect as any dog mentioned by your correspondents. Last year my wife's portrait was painted by a Royal Academician whose name I shall not divulge. We all thought it an extremely unsatisfactory likeness, and were very much annoyed with the artist for refusing to paint his sitter in her emerald silk gown, a present to my wife from her aunt, Lady JOSKINS. As a test we decided to let the lizard see the picture. He knows my wife very well, as she gives him his daily feed of bread and milk in the dining-room. We brought the intelligent little fellow up to the picture in his basket. You may judge of our astonishment when I tell you that *he gave absolutely no sign of recognition whatever*, thus proving that, however good the picture may have been as a work of art, it was entirely without value as a likeness. Those so-called dumb creatures can teach us many a lesson, both in art and in general conduct, and those who would credit them merely with instinct are very, very far from the truth.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

JOHN HENRY NUMSKULL.

SIR,—I have a cat which I make bold to say is superior to any dog I have ever heard of in its power not only of recognising likenesses, but also of adapting its behaviour to the circumstances that naturally arise from such a recognition. In order to make my meaning plain, I will relate a remarkable incident that happened only yesterday in our drawing-room. *Ebenezer* (that is the name of the cat in question) very often jumps on to my shoulders, and sits there for quite a long time. Yesterday, when I went into the drawing-room, I found him reclining in an arm-chair close to the mantelpiece. On removing *Ebenezer*, I found on the seat of the



arm-chair a particularly good photograph of myself, taken last year in the uniform of the Highgate Ponds Royal Yacht Club. The photograph generally stands on the mantelpiece, and had evidently fallen, face downwards, where I found it. *Ebenezer*, seeing it in that position, must have realized that it was a speaking likeness of his master. He must then have decided to place himself on his master's shoulders, in his usual attitude of repose. It was thus that I found him sitting, as it were, on the back and shoulders of my photograph. Think, Sir, of the train of thought that must have passed through that animal's mind. Who will dare, after this, to deny to cats the possession of a reasoning faculty at least equal to that of human beings?

Yours, &c.,

THOMAS TYLER MEWSON.

SIR,—I think the following true story of the reasoning power of animals will interest your readers. Last month I painted a battle picture entitled "*A Brush with the Arabs*." Happening to leave it on the easel one day when I went out for my morning walk, I was surprised to find on my return that my two favourite fox-hound puppies had secured an entrance to the studio, and had literally torn the picture to pieces. They must have recognised the word "*Brush*" in the title, and, being naturally reminded of their hereditary enemy, the fox, must have thought it their duty to destroy the picture. I was so greatly impressed by their intelligence, that, although much vexed at the loss of the picture, I refrained from chastising them.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM JORROCKS DAUBLEY.



MRS. R. read a heading in a daily paper last week; it was "*The Sutherland Will Suit*." Without further perusal she exclaimed, "Dear me! a tailor's advertisement, of course! I wonder if '*The Sutherland*' is an overcoat, or a mantle! and how on earth does the tailor know that it '*will suit*'! There's no end to their impudence!" And our worthy friend passed over the article and went to another part of the paper.



A NOVEL OF THE DAY.

(By Adelgitha.)

"WELL, I DECLARE, IF PAPA ISN'T READING 'AS BLUE AS THEY MAKE 'EM!' AND HE'S GOT TO THE THIRD VOLUME! I SUPPOSE YOU SKIP ALL THE DRY PARTS, PAPA!"

"I CAN'T SAY I'VE COME ACROSS ANY DRY PARTS YET. IT'S ALL BEEN WADING THROUGH MUD, UP TO NOW!"

THE COLONIAL STATESMAN'S VADE MECUM.

(Written up to Date.)

Question. What is the proper objects of a Colonial statesman's ambition?

Answer. To secure for his own Colony the best possible position, and to strengthen as much as possible the bond uniting it to the mother country.

Q. Is this second object finding at this moment further development?

A. Certainly by the calling of an Inter-colonial Conference at Ottawa.

Q. Who have arranged to be present at this important gathering?

A. Most of the Premiers and other leading politicians of the American, Australasian and South African Colonies.

Q. Then, from a Colonial point of view, the meeting will be of a thoroughly representative character?

A. Undoubtedly, as no important Colony will be without a statesman representing its particular interests.

Q. What are the subjects that will be discussed at this evidently important Congress?

A. One of them will be the institution of an intercolonial commercial union.

Q. Is not this a matter that should interest subjects of HER MAJESTY living in the mother country?

A. Certainly, since it will affect the commerce of the United Kingdom.

Q. Is not intercolonial free trade also to form a matter of discussion?

A. Yes, and here again England should, in her own interests, have her say.

Q. And is it not considered possible that Imperial Defence will be considered?

A. Not only possible, but probable. There is no doubt that this subject alone would justify the presence of an English Minister of Cabinet rank at the deliberations of the Congress.

Q. Are there any other subjects that may be considered worthy of Imperial (in distinction from Colonial) consideration?

A. Why, certainly. African transcontinental railways and telegraph schemes will no doubt appear on the agenda.

Q. Anything else?

A. Most likely the rights of the Colonies to enter into diplomatic relations with Foreign Powers without reference to Downing Street may form a subject of the most serious consideration.

Q. Then, of course the mother country will be represented by a number of experts well qualified to tender advice and generally guard the Imperial interests?

A. Certainly not. The Earl of JERSEY will be present, but chiefly in a ceremonial capacity.

Q. Can you give the possible reason for this strange inaction on the part of the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office?

A. It probably arises from the blundering of some minor official, or the laziness of a personage of superior importance.

Q. And what may be the result of this blundering or laziness?

A. That England's heritage beyond the seas may slip from her grasp for ever.

TO ALTHEA IN COVENT GARDEN.

In Covent Garden when we met

In mid July,
Roses you bought and mignonette,
Carnations I.

The merits of the stalls I urged

You to compare,
And so with yours I somehow merged
My errand there.

We wandered on: our hands were full,

The stalls between:
We loitered 'mong the lilies cool
And mosses green.

Laden with flowers, a hansom to
The Square you took;
Then my poor bunch I offered you
With pleading look.

But ah, with a determined air

You shook your head,
And bid me keep them! "Won't you wear
Just one?" I said.

And, as you granted me this grace—

'Twas noon, I know—
But yet there fell upon your face
A sunset glow!

THE HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT.—Mrs. R. is of opinion that the House of Magnets must be a great attraction for all the Poles.

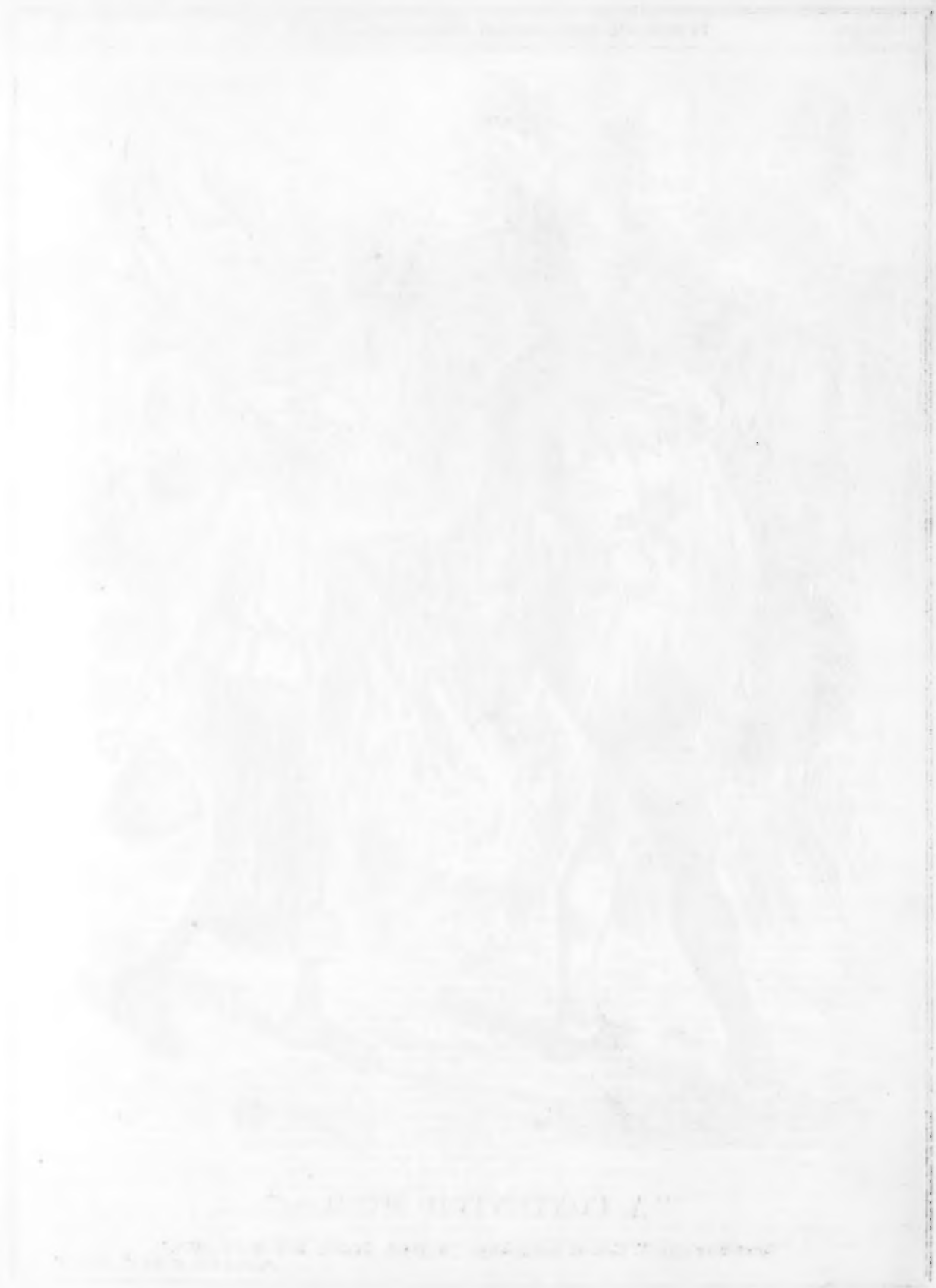
BY AN EARNEST DOMESTIC INQUIRER.—Can a Jack-towel be made of "stout Jane"?



“A CONTENTED MIND —”

TOUCHSTONE (SIR W. H-RC-RT, soliloquising). “A POOR THING, BUT MINE OWN.”

As You Like It, Act V., Scene IV.



JUN



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A NEGLECTED INDUSTRY.

"OW ARE YER GETTIN' ON, BILL?"
 "AIN'T GETTIN' ON AT ALL. I'M BEGINNIN' TO THINK AS THE PUBLICK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANTS!"

LETTER TO A DÉBUTANTE.—II.

MY DEAR GLADYS.—It is satisfactory to hear that my advice has been, so far, of service to you.

I gather that you enjoyed your first party, though the only items of success you mention are that a celebrated Hungarian pianist shook hands with you, mistaking you for somebody else, and that an Austrian *attaché* was introduced to you, at his own request, three times in the course of one evening—each time showing not the smallest recollection of having ever seen you before.

I am interested in your admirer. Your description of him is delightful; yet, lucid as it is, it fails to convey to me a definite picture of the man. You say—

"He is rather intellectual and amusing, but not at all dull. He photographs, and has written a book on South Africa, but I am afraid he is not very religious. Personally, he is rather dark, but not tall. Lady TAYMER says he is a good match. Shall I encourage him? He does conjuring tricks."

Frankly, GLADYS, it appears to me that he is too accomplished. Conjuring tricks, alluring as they may be, socially, to the young and unsophisticated, when carried into domestic life would be apt to pall, or, in time, even to cause dissension. Your liking him "pretty well" and his being "personally" dark but not tall, are not sufficient grounds for giving him marked encouragement. Still, do not

be absolutely chilling in your manner. Keep him in doubt as to the degree of your regard for him, and if you can possibly prevent it, do not let him send you his book on South Africa yet—as that would end your friendship too abruptly.

That tragic little episode about "the really delightful man" with whom you got on so splendidly at dinner made me smile—it recalled my own youth. My dear child, *always* mistrust a man who tells you he is sure he has met you in a previous existence. He is invariably a fraud, and it was inevitable that just as you were beginning to think you had found your ideal he should introduce his wife—a fat old lady whom you had fancied to be "a sort of aunt." This blow will be a lesson to you for the future.

A hint for ball-rooms. Supposing that you had promised someone a valse, and your partner, either being at supper or for some other reason, failed to claim it—which might happen to the most popular girl—let me entreat you not to stand near the door with the blush of shame on your countenance and the agony of despair in your heart, betraying, by your anxious eyes and fluttering fan, all the humiliating fear that people will think no one has asked you. Sit calmly down, and await events. If another person should present himself, keep him by your side, but do not valse with an incompetent dancer merely to show you are not without a friend. He might tear your frock, and then he would be your enemy for life. In these days of anarchy and no programmes, an unruffled demeanour is the best resource.

At race-courses, where Sir LYON is sure to take you, affect neither a celestial ignorance nor an absolute knowledge of horses. Do not ask "Which do you think will get there first?" nor "Won't the poor things be dreadfully tired?" But, on the other hand, do not say, knowingly, that *Barley-Sugar* looks a bit off colour to-day, nor that you have taken 5 to 2 about *Hedda Gabler* for a place.

Another word of warning. If you observe a gentleman rather frequently with one lady, don't ask "whether they are engaged." The chances are that he may be a barrister, and she the wife of a solicitor. And the person to whom you are talking may be the solicitor. (This is, of course, entirely a fanciful and impossible instance—merely to show you it is better to refrain from questions.)

And now, let me impress on you once more, never to worry about trifles, and still less about serious matters. *It is hardly possible to exaggerate the unimportance of nearly everything that happens.* At this time of year, when so much is crowded into so short a space of time, you will constantly hear, "I was so sorry you could not come to my At Home, dear." "Why, I *did* come darling! and enjoyed myself so much." "Oh yes, so you did; then it must have been somebody else who didn't," &c.

And young people like yourself are apt to overrate the value of details in dress. If you cannot get that bit of mauve ribbon to match your shoes, you think you will be a failure! Nothing matters but outline and general effect.

You remember the advice the *Red Queen* gave to *Alice* in *Wonderland*? "Curtsey when you're thinking what to say—it saves time." For curtsy, substitute *laugh*. Cultivate a continuous slight, ready, unmeaning society laugh, about nothing in particular. It is invaluable, it fills gaps, and tides over difficult moments.

Write soon again, telling me of the progress of your friendship with the South African conjuror, and all other news.

Ever affectionately yours,

MARJORIE.

"THE COMMONS PRESERVATION SOCIETY."—We often see reports of the doings of this body. Is there a "Lords' Destruction Society?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*Esop's Fables* and dear old Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox & Co.," observes the Baron sagely, "may have suggested to the fanciful genius of RUDYARD KIPLING the delightful idea, carried out in the most fascinating style, of *The Jungle Book*, which, being, after the manner of ISAAC WALTON's *Complete Angler*, interspersed with songs, might be well remembered by all appreciative readers as *The Jungle-and-Jingle Book*. Oblige me," quoth the Baron to his friends, "when you have purchased (or otherwise procured—but with the 'means whereby' the Baron hath naught to do) the ornamentally bound volume from Messrs. MACMILLAN, who have done their share of the business uncommonly well, oblige me by selecting page 33 as being simply a perfect specimen of the delightful Rudyard-Kiplingerist humour, and afterwards you may pick out pages and pages of dialogue carried on by the animals as naturally as possible in the true Kipling which, of course, all these creatures talk to perfection, and which we are thoroughly able to understand, and to love." Of course, birds, beasts and fishes have their own language, their various dialects; but "the brute creation," as we humans disdainfully style it, has had the marvellous wisdom never to commit its thoughts nor to reduce its speech to writing. How wise! "Speech is silver," and the brutes have it; "Silence is golden," and the brutes preserve it; of "Writing" comes Wrangling and "Print" is Perilous! "Look you," quoth again the Baron, "compose for me music to 'Darzee's Chaunt, sung in honour of Rakki-tikki-tavi.' Let Sir ARTHUR, Knight of the Savoy, do my bidding blithely, and let that Lyrical and Lincal descendant of the much-wired King, yeleft SOLOMON the Wise, place his 'lyre

and slave' at the service of Sir RUDYARD KIPLING, the Laureate of The Jungle-Jingle and Bard of the Bandar-dog."

Either in play-writing or novel-writing a truthfully reflecting mirror must be held up to nature. This Mr. GEORGE MOORE has done in his novel of *Esther Waters*. As *Joseph Andrews* is the story of a "young man from the country" who became a footman, so this is simply the story of a kitchen-maid. It is "low life below-stairs." Rarely in this work do we get a glimpse of the aristocratic "Up-stairs," and when we do it is not much to Up-stairs's advantage. The climax reached is the bookmaker's public-house: that is all. "The initial situation," quoth the Baron ruminatively, "reminds me of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, with this material difference, that whereas the case of *Esther* is so stated as to be probable and possible, that of *Tess* was made, by the novelist, for the sake of still keeping his heroine pure, so improbable as to be practically impossible. About the story of *Tess* is the healthful breeziness of the country; about the story of *Esther* is the heavy atmosphere of town. I wish," continues the Baron, "that so powerful a Zola-esque writer had seen his way—just as DICKENS did when describing the lowest life—to avoid what must appear, to even his greatest admirers, as unnecessary grossness in repeating the *ipissima verba* of this very low life. It could have been avoided as being unessential. That the story should close abruptly, leaving the heroine, rewarded in a measure for her constancy, yet with a vague future before her, has just that touch of true art in it which appears in the composition of Mr. Sam Weller's celebrated Valentine when he pulls up "werry short" so that the recipient should "wish as there was more of it"—and in this instance the reader, at first, may wish that MOORE had made more of it. That it can be commended without restriction, *virginibus puerisque*, is not the opinion of the merry, but moral,

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



Rudyard Kipling (singeth to the air of "Linger Longer Loo!"):

"JINGLE JUNGLE, JINGLE JUNGLE,
JINGLE JUNGLE-OO!"

A NOVELTY IN NOVELS.

THE Muse brings in but scanty gains,
A fact which partially explains
My deep conviction,
That Pegasus in future time
Must leave unprofitable rhyme,
And take to fiction,
Where all the critics seem to say,
Originality must pay.

Well, I may be successful yet,
For when my heroine has met
With pressing danger,
The man who comes to set her free
Will not the long-lost hero be,
But quite a stranger;
No characters reputed dead
Shall re-appear alive instead.

The angry parent won't come back
Precisely at the time when Jack
His daughter's kissing,
And if there be a stolen will,
That document shall somehow still
Continue missing,
Although I know that this event
Quite sets aside all precedent.

Then PHYLLIS will not pine away
When faithless STREPHON weds one day
Some new attraction,



But, careless of what authors teach,
Will promptly institute a Breach
Of Promise action.

My villain, though you deem it strange,
Shall die unpunished, for a change.

Though rival authors look askance,
And on the hapless writer glance
As some seceder,
By new developments like these
I ought, at any rate, to please
The jaded reader;
And weary critics will confess
At least I have deserved success

A NOTE FOR EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.—
Mottos suggested for the Gigantic Wheel Co.
—"For Wheel or Woe." As to their prospects of success, "Wheel see." Of course the wheel will cost a good round sum, but to many who dislike the poetry of marine motion and the movement of swings, will the wheel be a round of pleasure? It will be of so vast a size that no visitor can go to the Gardens and say "O Wheelie, we have missed you!"

NEW BOOK.—*A House in Slums*, subject for GEORGE MOORE, author of *Esther Waters*: title being suggested by M. BARRIE's *A Window in Thrums*.

THE GRAND PRIX.

(By a Non-sporting Prophet.)

No League, that now proclaims
The sin of bets, depresses
These animated dames,
In such delightful dresses.

Some horses? There may be—
They often run at races;
But rather let us see
These very pretty faces.

Some makers, too, of books—
A man of taste confesses
That he prefers the looks
Of those who wear the dresses.

Some folks who yell with joy,
Or groan with grim grimaces—
Enthusiasts annoy,
They have not pretty faces.

Avoid them, show your taste,
See rather who possesses
Bright eyes, sweet mouth, slim
waist,
And daintiest of dresses.

Such costumes, festive, new,
On forms of modern Graces!
Pink, yellow, white, and blue,
Show up the pretty faces.

Gay, graceful hats adorn
The coils of silken tresses;
Vile "buns" are never worn
By those who sport these
dresses.

A hush—the race is run,
A shout—and each one presses
To see the horse that won
Led past the dainty dresses.

The fair ones drive away;
To Paris one retraces
One's steps, and dreams of gay
Péage and pretty faces.

SUBJECTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION (which celebrated its jubilee last week).—"The Conversion of—the 54 per cent. De Beers." Also "The Turkish Conversion Loan."



AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

Bob (who's alimentative). "WHAT'S THE GUN FOR?"

Jack (who's æsthetic). "TO SHOOT THE SPARROWS, CONFOUND THEM!"

Bob. "WHY! SPARROWS EAT THE CATERPILLARS OFF YOUR GOOSEBERRY BUSHES, AND SAVE YOUR GOOSEBERRIES; AND GOOSEBERRIES TURN INTO GOOSEBERRY TART—AND GOOSEBERRY TART'S VERY GOOD TO EAT!" Jack. "I DON'T CARE A FIG FOR GOOSEBERRY TART; AND CATERPILLARS TURN INTO BUTTERFLIES, AND BUTTERFLIES ARE VERY NICE TO LOOK AT. SO I LIKE MY CATERPILLARS TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!"

A LAMENT.

O'er the fallow
Since my callow
Days I've loved to be a rover,
And discover,
Mistress Plover,
Nests of your delicious ova.

Fugient anni,
Never can I
Seek again your treasure trove, a
Gouty lover,
Mistress Plover,
Now of your delicious ova.

Had I pleasant
Choice of present,
I would ask—I would, by Jove!—a
Mossy basket,
Precious onaket,
Full of your delicious ova.

Sweet your lays are!
Short the days are
Which they've made us spend in
clover;
Ah! How fast they
Go! Alas, they
Are, how'er delicious—over!

THE REBELLION IN CORRA.—Last week it was announced in the *Times* that an expedition against the rebels was embarking from China under command of "General Yes." What an idea of harmonious unity in military action does this name suggest! "General Yes!" If only the rebels were in force under "Field-Marshal No" the contest might be settled in English Parliamentary fashion without bloodshed, the members of both parties going into the lobbies. But, against a "General Yes," or even a pretty general "Yes," the dissentients wouldn't have a chance.

SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENT.—Surely a better title than *Cricket Songs* for Mr. NORMAN GALE's recently published book would have been *Chirps*. The name of "Norman Gale" is suggestive of "French airs."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 4.—Clause I. of Budget at length added to Bill. As the SQUIRE says, "You cast your Clause on the Committee and find it again after many days." The Scotch Members in Grand Committee on Local Government Bill are, SARK tells me, lost in admiration of themselves at the business-like fashion in which they approach their task. At one sitting get through more than would be done in a week in Committee of whole House. This comes of avoiding the making of long speeches. They converse instead of orate. Different in Committee on Budget Bill. To-night BYRNE moving amendment delivered speech of proportions that need not have been exceeded on introducing the Budget scheme. Full of riddles as to what would happen to brothers and sisters of the grandfather or grandmother of the deceased, in the event of his (or her) having married a second cousin's aunt, always assuming that the principal value of the whole succession does not amount to £10,000 (see 16 & 17 Vic. c. 51, s. 18).

HALDANE and FLETCHER MOULTON, sitting together behind SQUIRE OF MALWOOD ready to "give him a knee," or show themselves handy with the sponge, after one of his rounds with JOKIM, looked wondrous wise. Suppose they



Popular Idea of a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. (See Friday's "Essence.")

understood it all. But, as Dr. MACGREGOR says, quoting his favourite author SYDNEY SMITH, "to the general it is caviare on toast." Then GRANT LAWSON, not liking forward manner in which BYRNE behaved, came along with his case of conundrums, laying them out in speech of prodigious weight and illimitable length.

The Member for SARK, who does not mean to offer himself for re-election, tells me he is having prepared a little legacy which he will leave to House of Commons free of Succession Duty. It is a silken scarf, which he proposes to have bound on the front of the canopy over the SPEAKER's chair. On it will be embroidered in letters of gold these words, which he heard from the lips of ANDREW CARNegie, or some other great American humourist—

If you can't strike file in twenty minutes,
Cease boring.

Capital idea. If anything comes of it, SARK will be remembered through future ages as benefactor of House of Commons. There is nothing useful to say that cannot be fully uttered in twenty minutes. Wouldn't be at all a bad thing, next time we improve Parliamentary procedure, to have new Standing Order, founded on principle of maximum length of speech. Our motto should be Twenty minutes; *après ça le déluge*—in shape of bucket of water, deftly dropped from above on head of importunate

orator. It would never have to be used; knowledge that it was poised aloft quite sufficient to keep debate within bounds.

Business done.—Clause I. Budget Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—Grave difference of opinion was manifested on occasion of JOHN WILLIAM MACLURE's historic encounter with the Bishop of LONDON in Lobby. Some disposed to regard as indiscreet the invitation to partake at the bar of a glass of sherry and bitters. The Bishop, as it happened, coming in from House of Lords, was in canonical dress. The vision of a lawn sleeve stretched out across the bar to lift to right reverend lips a glass of sherry, even with bitters, might have been misconstrued. It would be different now, when the bar is removed to a discreet corner; then it stood in full view of crowded Lobby.

Others hold that JOHN WILLIAM acted on the occasion in accordance with impulse of kindly heart, and worthily vindicated hospitable instincts of House of Commons. Here was visitor from neighbouring House straying into Lobby about the hour when, to some cultivated tastes, a compound of sherry and bitters recommends itself; no harm in asking; Bishop could at least say "No," and then the conversation might have been changed.

Balance of opinion, trembling at time, would doubtless been plumped in JOHN WILLIAM's favour had it been known how intimate are his relations with the Church and, presumably, how authoritative his action in relation thereto. To-day he moved adjournment of House over Derby Day, and was seconded by SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY. SQUIRE naturally backed his opinion by reference to desirability of keeping up the breed of horses. JOHN WILLIAM, humbly yet proudly, spoke "as a Churchwarden and a member of the House of Laymen of the Province of York."

Even this rare combination of both branches of the Church did not avail against stern business principles of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. House just consented to place its whole time at disposal of Government. Could not give up a day to go to the Derby, even when invited by official spokesman of Church and Laity. Forthwith divided, and holiday renounced by rattling majority of 86 in House of over 400.

Only the two Squires and the Churchwarden spoke. Often read paragraphs founded on marriage or obituary notice in the *Times* which set forth that their "united ages amounted to" so and so.

"I wonder now," said WILFRID LAWSON, gazing reflectively on the three members who had monopolised the debate, "what their united weights would scale."

Business done.—Still harping on the Budget.

Thursday.—Been revival of talk lately on the old subject of removing grille from before Ladies' Gallery. Advocates of woman's rights, feeling that they lose appreciable advantage in obscuring the personal charms of prominent members of the party, would tear the railings down. Others insist that on the whole the regulation as it exists is preferable. HERBERT GLADSTONE, with the rashness of comparative youth and the vigour of a freshly-appointed Minister, signalled his accession to Commissionership of Board of Works by proposing to remove part of grille. Found he had placed his hand on hornets' nest; judiciously withdrew; positively declines to have anything further to say on subject.

Those in favour of retaining the grille find their position much strengthened by incident that occurred just now in discussion on one of the amendments to amendments proposed on amended clauses of Budget Bill. In course of his argument PRINCE ARTHUR, blushing—whether with satisfaction or remorse will never be known—incidentally observed, "Now, I am a bachelor." Easy to imagine, supposing the ladies had sat in their Gallery in full view, how em-



"Szo! Miss Mary, dey tell me dat you shall tell my Garachter by my handt!"

"Well, to begin with, you 're a German—"

"Ach, it is Vonderful!"

barrassing this remark, in its irrelevancy amounting almost to a challenge, would have been. As it was, the occupants of the Ladies' Gallery remained in obscurity. Only those immediately near heard what French reporters call *mouvement*; a swift, soft rustling of dresses and something that sounded like a suppressed sigh.

Since he desired the post everyone sorry to hear that WALLACE has failed to secure coronorship for East London. Seems he was selected out of multitude of applicants, one in a group of nine. On further consideration this reduced to three and WALLACE left out. "One of the Muses," says SARK; "but not thought good enough for the Graces. This is way we treat our most brilliant men. We do not even make them coroners."

Business done.—Clause II. added to Budget Bill.

Friday.—Level course of dreary debate on death duties occasionally relieved by little rounds between JOKIM and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. On Monday JOKIM complained, in delightful phrase, that "the right hon. gentleman, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, never opens his mouth to make a speech on this Bill without trailing his coat." JOKIM, for his part, only embarrassed by the

wealth of opportunity. Momentarily distraught as to whether he should jump down the CHANCELLOR's throat, or merely tread on his coat. One feat or the other certainly accomplished. Scuffle for some minutes; then interval for refreshments; filled up by speech from GRANT LAWSON or TOMMY BOWLES.

Pleasant contrast afforded by momentary appearance on scene of ROBERTSON, who rises to reply to question addressed to the Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Pretty to see how he dresses the part, and fulfils the obligations of his Ministerial title.

Business done.—Clause III. Budget Bill passed.

THE CAPITALISTS.

(A Story of Yesterday for To-morrow and To-day.)

"WHAT, BROWN, my boy, is that you?" said SMITH, heartily.

"The same, and delighted to see you," was the reply.

"Have you heard the news, my dear fellow?" asked SMITH.

"You mean about the position of the Bank of England? Why, certainly; all the city is talking about it."

"Ah, it is absolutely grand! Never was the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in such a strong position. Marvellous! my dear friend; absolutely marvellous!"

"Quite so. Never were we—as a people—so rich!"

"Yes, prosperity seems to be coming back by leaps and bounds."

"You never said anything so true," observed SMITH.

"Right you are," cried BROWN.

And then the two friends shook hands once more with increased cordiality, and passed on. They walked in different directions a few steps, and both stopped. They turned round.

"SMITH," said BROWN, "I have to ask you a trifling favour."

"BROWN, it is granted before I know its purport."

"Well, the truth is, I am penniless—lend me half-a-crown."

SMITH paused for a moment.

"You surely do not wish to refuse me?" asked BROWN, in a tone of pained surprise.

"I do not, SMITH," replied his friend, with fervour. "Indeed, I do not!"

"Then produce the two-and-sixpence."

"I would, my dear fellow, if in the wide world I could raise it!"

And then the ancient comrades shook hands once again, and parted in sorrow, but not in anger. They felt that after all they were only in the fashion.

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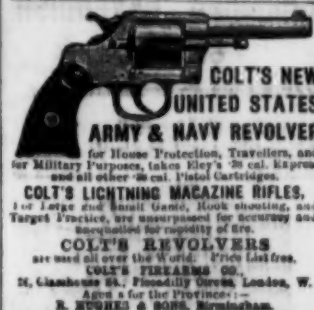
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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, in Packets and Tins only, containing 12, 24, 50, and 100.

The following extract from the "Review or Reviews," Nov. 1890, is of interest to every Smoker:
THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Screw," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the Review of Reviews for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathy of a hardhearted and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-box for the fund, and very contributions for it on my smoking acquaintance, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next six months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., "PLAYER'S NAVY CUT" (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

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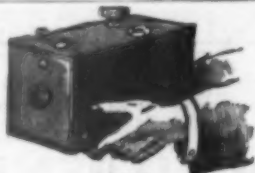
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